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LAYS OF THE HEART.

DAVIDSON, SERLE'S PLACE,
CAREY STREET, LONDON.

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LAYS OF THE HEART,

BEING

AN ODE

TO THE MEMORY OF A FATHER,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

J. S. Clark

“And if the bard’s song should awake in the breast
Where sincerity glows, a kind wish or a thought,
Then his harp’s tender chords have not vainly been press’d,
Nor the guerdon denied he so earnestly sought.”

LONDON:

SMITH, ELDER, & Co.

CORNHILL.

—
1836.

LOAN STACK

TO

MISS L. E. LANDON,

AUTHORESS OF "THE IMPROVISATRICE,"

&c. &c.

MADAM,

The obliging opinion which you have expressed of my poetic efforts, and the flattering manner in which you have allowed this small volume to be dedicated to you, emanate, I am aware, less from any trivial merit which they may possess, than that kindness of heart and amiability of disposition, which, uniting themselves with brilliant genius, have long rendered you the favourite star in our literary hemisphere and the peculiar idol of your own immediate circle.

I regret that the outpourings of my humble lyre should be so little worthy of your patronage.

DEDICATION.

Will you permit me to say a few words on the melancholy which these pages exhibit. To no one can I appeal with greater confidence than yourself in corroboration of the fact, that poesy, like music, is not always an index of the mind;—that persons of a lively disposition are usually ardent admirers of the plaintive strain; and that, in this respect, the poet and the individual are not unfrequently characters the most opposite. The cheerful tongue and sunny brow of L. E. L. herself, when compared with the sad and touching pathos of her lute, evidence the fact that the diamond does not sparkle the less when veiled in the darkness of a Golconda mine.

That you may long live in the enjoyment of that well-earned admiration which a just and discriminating public have thrown around you, is the sincere wish of, Madam,

Your obliged and obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR.

15, Doughty Street,
February 1st, 1836.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Poems were chiefly written a few years since, and some of them have before appeared, under different signatures, in various periodicals. At the request of several esteemed and valued friends, the author has been induced to publish them in the present form. Attention to graver duties must be his excuse for such inaccuracies as the volume may contain.



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LAYS OF THE HEART.

ODE TO THE MEMORY OF A FATHER.

“He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.”

SHAKESPEARE.

When by thy couch we stood, and wept to see
The Father dying, and the Friend, in thee,
How throb'd the heart with sorrow newly born!
With what new anguish was the bosom torn!
Tears, burning tears, bedew'd the pallid cheek,
And spoke—what language had not pow'r to speak.
To Heav'n we pray'd, but found no pity there;
Weak was the wish, and unsubdued the pray'r;

“ Oh, God of love! affection’s voice forgive,
Thy will be done—but let thy servant live!”

In vain shall reason’s pow’r attempt to bind
The march of feeling and the flow of mind:
True on the lip the fitful smile may glow,
And veil the sadness of the wreck below;
But, as the mountain stream, when curb’d its tide,
Lives, though repell’d, and flows, though turn’d aside,
Still by the midnight lamp, in silent flow,
The mourner hails the luxury of woe;
Still gives to Nature unrestrained control,
And breaks the bursting bondage of the soul.

Dear honour’d saint! from yonder bright abode,
The seat of angels and the throne of God,

I would not call thy rescu'd soul to share
My bitter portion of continued care.
Down the rough stream my wearied vessel glides
Her ever wayward course, 'mid doubtful tides;
No pilot's hand to guide her dang'rous way,
While rocks arise and beacons lure astray;—
Oh! wonder not that when mine eyes repose
On yon calm covert of terrestrial woes,
Where, freed from pain, my heart's first treasure feels
No more the pang of sublunary ills—
Oh! wonder not that I that tomb would share,
And burst "the silver cord" that binds me here—
As a pure spirit quit my suff'ring clay,
Spring from a world of woe, and bear away!
But thou art safe above the rugged blast,
And, thanks to God! thy trembling course is past.



When clouds obscure hang o'er my feeble form,
I think on thee, and dare the coming storm ;
Strike, strike ! I cry, unbend your threat'ning brow,
He's safe in Heav'n !—You cannot injure now.
Still is the heart that vice could ne'er subdue ;
Calm is the pulse that never beat untrue ;
That breast is cold, with love and honour fraught ;
Silent the tongue that heav'nly wisdom taught,
Led the young soul through life's enshackled way
To paths of peace and everlasting day !
And as the lord of light, from labour free,
Sinks to repose beneath the western sea ;
Or as the mariner, in storms distress'd,
Steers his lov'd bark, but longs to be at rest ;
So when the firstlings of the flock had grown
In strength and stature, and his work was done ;

When childhood's phantom-joys had ceased to charm,
And riper age could better brave the storm,
His wearied spirit left her frail abode,
Plum'd her white pinions for the realms of God,
Shed o'er the fading earth a pitying tear,
And sprang celestial to the vaults of air!

But thy pure mantle, dearest shade, bestow
On those lov'd relics thou hast left below ;
May they in ties indissoluble rove,
United ever in the bond of love ;
Gazing, through life, on yon ethereal shore,
Where kindred spirits meet to part no more ;
Where, freed, at length, from sublunary pain,
Clasp'd in thy arms, and lov'd by thee again,

Hand join'd in hand, together we may rise,
With those who fled before thee, to the skies ;
With loud hosannahs tread the blissful sphere,
And quaff the waters of redemption there !

And thou, who, by his side in weal or woe,
Wert faithful ever—dearest, best, below—
Not like the Carian queen of old, who shed
The richest off'rings on her partner dead,
(As though the proud oblations she bestow'd
Could bribe her pardon from a frowning God,)
Thy proofs of love in life no requiem need,
These of eternal joy shall sow the seed,
Shall bloom for ever on that happy shore—
Those bow'rs of bliss where hearts shall break no
more!

And if, at times, we seek the sacred earth
Where sleep the relics of departed worth,
We will not, Mother, to his mem'ry rear
Th' emblazon'd stone, to tell what dust lies there ;
There needs no sculptur'd line of borrow'd bard
His virtues to proclaim, his worth record ;
On the cold marble be his name impressed—
The tears of all who knew him tell the rest.
'Tis past, 'tis gone ;—with floods of latent grief
My heart was full, and sought and found relief ;
My mournful harp in solemn silence long
Had hush'd its notes, and on the willow hung ;
But when with trembling hand I woke its lays,
Swept its dull chords, and sung a Parent's praise,
Tears of pent anguish first began to flow,
And pitying Nature burst the gates of woe.

And now farewell—the pleasing toil is past,
The strain is o'er—these chords have breath'd their
last;

But while a pulse, to fond emotion free,
Beats in this heart for excellence and thee,
Still shall the bard to lonely shades repair,
And, (though unseen descend the silent tear,)
Truth, Virtue, Friendship, lost Affection, mourn,
And drop a filial tribute on thy urn !

January, 1828.

KATE OF THE VALE.

And see ye the form by yon streamlet reclining,
And hear ye the music that rides on the gale?
Tho' lorn be thy lyre, and unheard thy complaining,
Yet angels weep o'er thee, poor Kate of the Vale!

Tho' scorned by the world for thy one dereliction,
The God of compassion still smiles in the spheres;
And he who beholds the poor child of affliction
Can never reject the poor penitent's tears.

As the rays of the sun o'er the rose-blossom straying,
Dispel the mild dew-drop that hangs on the tree,
So the sun-beams of pity around thee are playing,
And mercy, sweet maiden, sits smiling on thee!

Oh ! curst be the fiend that could leave thee in sorrow,
And curst be the heart that could bear to betray !
May hope be to him a continued to-morrow,
And fraud and despair strew their thorns on his way.

Thy reason has left her own flow'r-bedeck'd dwelling,
And fled is the lustre that beam'd in thine eye,
And soothless and sad is the tale thou art telling
The wild harp that wings its sweet numbers on high.

But angels shall guard thee, poor child of trans-
gression,

The Being that wounds thee can also restore ;
“ Uncondemned ” be thy crime ; may the voice of
compassion

Command thee to “ go and be sinful no more.”

* * * * *

By the side of yon streamlet whose cypress o'er-
shadows

A moss-covered grave that sleeps silently there,
Where nightly the bulbul awakens the meadows,
And chants a sweet strain to her own beaming star,

No useless pedantic memento discloses
The tenant that slumbers that covert within,
No pageantry gilds the cold clay that reposes,
No soft foot of friendship is heard in the glen.

The blue starry welkin alone shall embower it,
And true lovers weep o'er the sorrowful tale;
One line of lament shall affection raise o'er it—
“Peace, peace to thy ashes, poor KATE of the VALE!”

FARE THEE WELL.

Fare thee well! we met in sorrow,
Fare thee well! we part in pain;
Long the night and drear the morrow
Ere we two shall meet again.

Many a word of anguish spoken,
Many a tear of sorrow shed;
Many a heart the purest broken,
The fairest fallen, the dearest dead.

Perhaps the bosom fondly beating,
Beating, too, alone for thee,
Like its hopes, its friendships, fleeting,
Pulseless soon, and cold shall be.

Yet farewell! kind Heaven attend thee,
May the God of mercy bless;
He, the orphan's friend, befriend thee,
"Father of the Fatherless."

Fate may part us, death may sever,
Clouds of darkness hover near;
Hope still points to realms of ether,—
Heav'n shall bless our meeting there.

THE BRUISED REED.

There sat a young and fair-hair'd boy

By that new burial-stone ;

In sable garb his limbs were clad,

And he was there alone :

The tear of latent woe bedew'd

The lustre of his eye ;

And piteous was the look he gave

To greet the passer-by.

“ What ails thee now my pretty one ;

What can thy sorrow be ?

Thy playmates in the neighbouring field

Are laughing merrily ;

And thou, my child, say why dost thou

Thus solitary pine?

Sure tears were made for riper age,

And not such years as thine."

"Oh! let me tarry here," he cried,

"Far, far from mirth apart;

Kind stranger, you can little know

The agony of heart,—

The pang that forced enjoyment gives

When only tears would flow,

The mantling of the cheek to hide

The bitter wreck below.

"I had a father once—he died

And left me all alone;

For what can be the world to me—

Or life—now *he* is gone?

A mother's love I never knew,

(She died to give me birth,)

And I—a helpless child—am left

‘A stranger upon earth.’

“When sickness weighs my spirit down

Or sorrow dims my brow,

Oh! who shall heal me with his smile,

Or who shall cheer me now?

No heart responsive beats to mine,

No eyes their vigils keep;

I can but mourn my lot—and yet

They chide me if I weep.

“ When late I sought my once-lov’d home,
 (And lov’d and cherish’d yet,
For all its by-gone scenes of joy,
 Can I *so soon* forget?)
Methought my rank’d heart would break,
 The harsh reproof to hear—
Its door, alas! was closed to me,
 I was ‘a stranger’ there!

“ But as the dove, when sought in vain
 Some rest-place for her feet,
Flew wearied to the peaceful ark,
 Her sure, her safe retreat,
So, often stealing from the world,
 To these still shades I come,
In fancy talk with him beneath,
 And make his grave my home.

“Then, pitying stranger, wonder not
Why these sad tears should flow,
For Heaven, in mercy, sends their balm
To lull the throbs of woe ;
Smiles were not made for those who mourn,
Should one these lips dispart,
The gleam that lighted up my cheek,
Would break my bursting heart.”

He ceased, and I—I could not soon
That little mourner leave,
I knew 't were vain to chide his woe,
Or bid him cease to grieve :
I spoke to him of other joys
That God to man hath given ;
He only answered with a sigh,
And pointed up to Heaven.

“ True, true,” I cried, “ and would you woo

His spirit from its sphere,

Call it from springs of bliss to quaff

The cup of anguish here?

A little while and you shall join

The angel-form you mourn,—

Yes, we shall go to him, although

To us he’ll ne’er return.

“ And what is life, that we should wish

To lengthen out its span?

Oh! why prolong the fleeting hours

That form the age of man?

Is it so sweet to bear the thorns,

While all the flow’rets die?

Man meets existence with a tear,

And ends it with a sigh.”*

* The departure of the spirit is generally indicated by a long deep sigh.

Alas ! 'twas not for words to move
The calm but fixed despair
Which clouded o'er that youthful brow,
And fixed its shadows there:
He seem'd a lone and helmless bark,
By winds and waters driven;
His only port the bourne beneath,
His only hope—in Heaven !

* * * * *

I passed again that silent grave,
The orphan child was gone ;
Another line was sketched upon
The snow-white burial stone :
And kneeling by the grassy sod,
I breath'd a fervent prayer
To Him who called him to the skies,
To join his Father there !

MEMORY'S WREATH.

(ADDRESSED TO A SISTER.)

"Do you *remember* them?"

Remember them?—yes, I remember them *well*,
 They were days of enchantment that ne'er can return,
 And deep in my heart do I treasure the spell,
 And oft drop a tear on their funeral urn.

Oh! were they not sweet? and do you, too, re-
 member

The beautiful garden we treasured so much?
 'Twas summer-time then, but the blast of December
 Soon came, and the roses all died at its touch!

And do you, too, remember the dear happy faces
That crowded the bench 'neath the apple-tree there?
'Tis true they are gone, but my memory traces
Each feature and voice in that varied parterre.

And do you, too, remember when fondly conversing,
As children, we roved through the flow'r-cover'd
glen,

And oh ! how delighted we were in rehearsing
The innocent hymns that enchanted us then ?

And do you, too, remember the infantine prayers ?
The bed at whose foot night and morning we knelt ?
Alas ! could I buy with an ocean of tears
A spirit as pure as that moment I felt !

Those hours, they are gone;—but the fond recollec-
tion—

The bliss, that the thought of those days can impart,
Can only expire with the power of reflection,
Can moulder alone with the mould'ring of heart.

I MISS THEE.

I miss thee when at matin prayer

Thy vacant place I see ;

I miss thee in the daily toil

I used to share with thee :

Thy smiling lip is cold and still,

Thy step is heard no more,

And all is dark and dreary now,

Where all was joy before.

I miss thee when the sabbath bell

Calls to the ^{house} ~~hour~~ of pray'r ;

I miss the voice in sweet response

That used to echo there :

And when the sacred volume doth
Our vesper thoughts engage,
Who reads us *now* its heav'nly truths?
Who *now* expounds its page?

I miss thee in thy vacant seat
Beside the cheerful hearth;
I miss thee in the circle where
Thy look alone gave mirth:
And when unseen the widow weeps,
The orphan pleads in vain,
And pride and av'rice turn aside—
Oh! how I miss thee *then*!

I miss'd thee at the festive board,
When Christmas friends drew near;

And when the jocund glee went round,
I could not hide the tear ;
They sung thy song of other times,
With chorus mild and deep ;
I miss'd thy voice in concert there,
And stole away to weep !

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

ADDRESSED TO —, ESQ.

“I cannot but remember such things were,
And were *most dear* to me.”

SHAKESPEARE.

I came to the scenes of my earliest youth,
To the green sunny spot where my infancy flew,
While my heart was yet warmed by the sunshine of
truth,

And my pains and my sorrows were fleeting and few.

And memory pictured the fair things of old—
The heartli were my fondest affections were set—
And it seem'd as tho' faces now pallid and cold
Were still at the casement and greeting me yet.

Methought in that moment's delirium I felt
The hand of a father, a mother's warm kiss,
While sisters press'd on from the home where we
dwelt
To welcome my steps to that circle of bliss.

Again the fond look of affection was there,
The song and the laughter went merrily round,—
Such song and such laughter as seraphs may hear,
Nor blush as to Heaven they carry the sound.

The dream was ecstatic! it seem'd as though time
Had turn'd to revisit the joys of the past:
Oh! why did I wake from that vision sublime,
Why revel in thoughts too etherial to last?

For soon, very soon, did I rouse from the snare
That mem'ry had spun from the pleasures of yore:
I came to my home, but a stranger was there—
The “Hall of my Forefathers” knew me no more.

The many I lov'd when in life's early morn
Were changed, or had fled to th' abode of the just;
And I, even I, was so weary and lorn
I wished that with theirs I could mingle my dust.

But thou, like the sun from its drearishome tomb,
Arose on my solitude faithful and true;
And if tears would still fall for my desolate home,
I felt that I yet could be happy with you.

D E A T H.

A DREAM.

Methought 'twas midnight, and around my couch
The flickering gleams of a small taper play'd
That but made darkness visible, and I—
Yes, I was dying; sinking, worn and faint,
Into the grim recesses of the grave.
Oh, God! how terrible did seem that hour,
That quivering of heart, those sickly qualms,
The chilliness that crept o'er all my limbs,
Benumbed my pow'rs and chain'd my spirit down,
Trembling and quaking at I scarce knew what.

And there were weeping friends around my bed,
Gazing intently on my sunken eye,

And whispering alternate hopes and fears.
And then they spoke of deeds of kindness done,
Of charities that graced my greener days;
Forgetting, in their fond record of these,
The darker shadows of life's fading lamp.

And thou wert there, Maria, thou wert there,
And, licensed then, didst pour thy flood of grief,
Wipe from my lip the struggling dew of death,
And bade me live for thee. The love which ne'er—
Ne'er till that hour had prov'd its power intense,
Now burst in full refulgence from thy heart.
That look, that pressure, that soul-lifted pray'r,
Oh! they had almost check'd the arm of Death,
As erst of old, 'mid Israel's host 'twas stay'd
By the soft balm distill'd from angels' wings.

Anon, my breath grew thicker, and mine eyes
Did wander vacantly; my pulse was calm,
But my full heart could scarce contain the load
That press'd upon it. I essay'd to speak—
To breathe a pray'r—a fond, a last farewell;
But my dried tongue refused its office, press'd
Down to inaction by th' o'erburdened heart.
Thick darkness seem'd approaching—every sense
Grew less and less in vigour—a chill sweat
Bedew'd my forehead—and my cold limbs felt
As though a heavy burden weigh'd them down;
The room swam round—mine eyelids quiver'd,
And, save a chime like that of distant harping,
I could hear nor voice nor sound. This grew faint
And fainter still, till, as a babe to rest,
I sank beneath a dull, unconscious sleep.

THE INFANT PRAYING.

I came to the spot where the young Christian knelt,
And her gaze was fast fixed on the star-beaming sky;
And I knew in the depth of that moment she felt—
What words cannot utter nor kingdoms supply.

So pure and so humble, so lovely and mild,
Her eyes beaming rapture, her lips breathing pray'r;
Oh! the lost one might gaze on that heav'n-born
child

Till repentance burst forth in one heart-burning tear.

Hail, fair one and faithful! may seraphs sustain thee
And guide thy young steps in the pathway of truth;

May God and his glory for ever retain thee,—

“Remember” him still “in the days of thy youth.”

In the spring-time how sweet to behold the tree
bending

With blossoms unnumber'd—the pride of the vale!

But rude are the tempests around us portending,

And many a bud may be nipped in the gale.

But thou, in temptation may mercy relieve thee,

Defend thee in youth, and sustain thee in years!

And oh! may the God whom thou servest receive
thee,—

His child upon earth,—to be blest in the spheres!

ON THE DEATH OF W. H., Esq.

We stand upon thy tomb, bright shade,

Yet dare not mourn for thee ;

We would not woo thee from the realms

Of pure felicity.

Thy lot is cast ; in light divine,

From pain and sorrow free,

Eternal glories crown thee now :—

“ We must not mourn for thee.”

'Tis true we miss the parent's smile

That cheer'd our hearts of yore ;

'Tis true we miss the fond embrace

That we shall feel no more :

E'en now each manly step we hear

We fancy thine must be ;

But though too soon the phantom flies,

“ We must not mourn for thee.”

We talk of thee the live-long day,

We think of thee by night ;

In dreams we view thy beaming eyes

In all their mild blue light ;

We seem to see thee good and kind

As thou wert wont to be ;

We wake—the heart would burst—but no,

“ We *must* not mourn for thee.”

Oh! could we view thy dwelling now,

Amid that angel-throng,

Pierce the blue heav'ns, behold thy bliss,

And hear thy seraph-song;—

Could we but *feel* thy perfect joy,

Thy bright redemption see,

How should we dash the tear away,

How blush to “mourn for thee!”

R Y D E.

Dear scenes of my childhood, all beautiful Ryde,
Again did I wander thy smooth beach beside,—
That beach where so oft the blue waters have roll'd,
And play'd round my feet in the bright days of old.

The copse with wild woodbine and roses o'ergrown,
How sweetly it tells of the hours that are gone;
Of friends that, alas! are now breathless and cold,
That stray'd thro' its paths in the bright days of old!

The ocean-lav'd pier, with its exquisite view,
The shell-cover'd grot, and the green dover,* too,

* See Appendix.

Oh ! dear are the thoughts which those scenes can
unfold—

The thoughts of the past—of the bright days of old.

They talked of improvements, they told me to see
The church and the dwellings all novel to me ;
But pain'd was my heart at the change they extoll'd,
And sick'ning I turn'd to the things that were old.

The dear, hallow'd home of my school-days I sought,
And my heart throbb'd anew as I near'd the sweet spot ;
But my day-dream soon fled like a tale that is told,
For a change had pass'd *over* the bright things of old.

The play-ground had vanished—a garden was there,
But weeds had grown o'er it, its borders were bare ;

I reck'd not the ruin,—'twas dear to behold—
For it seem'd to weep ^{o'er} the bright things of old.

Blest spot! in thy bosom all tranquilly flew
Winged moments, the brightest the bard ever knew;
And still shall this heart ever joy to enfold
A dream of the past—of the bright days of old.

“WE NEVER MEET AGAIN.”

Oh, yes! I feel 'tis hard to part,

'Tis death to breathe adieu;

Visions of past enjoyment start

To bind me still to you.

We met—we lov'd—our hearts seem'd join'd

By some celestial chain;

Alas! how frail its links we find—

“We never meet again!”

And yet 'tis sweet, at ev'ning's shade,

To linger o'er each scene,—

To stray alone where *we* have strayed—

To think on what has been.

But sad as roses o'er the tomb

Where love and worth are lain,

These scenes but mock our changeless doom—

“We never meet again.”

The harp has lost its tuneful tone,

The hall its wonted glee,

The birds that knew thy hand alone

Now die for want of thee.

No more thy flow'rets flourish fair

On yon neglected plain,

All, all are wither'd, nipp'd, and sear—

“We never meet again!”

I love to seek the woodbine bow'r,

Thine own enchanting spot,

Where dwells a voice on ev'ry flow'r,

On ev'ry leaf a thought:

Methinks I hear thy lute once more,

Again thy fav'rite strain,—

That lute is still—that strain is o'er—

“We never meet again!”

The sun that met the morn in tears

Smiles on departing day;

Our lot is cast—nor months nor years

Shall view our grief decay:

We drank of joys that could not last,

We felt and find them vain;

The meteor-beam too quickly past,—

“We never meet again!”

Adieu, adieu, my breaking heart

Nor peace nor hope can feel;

Its wound defies all human art—

It will not, cannot heal:

Yet if there be a spot of bliss

Where joys eternal reign,

Heav'n will unite our souls—but here

“We never meet again.”

WAKE, LION OF ENGLAND! *

Wake, Lion of England! arouse from thy slumbers,
Shake, shake thy proud mane and prepare for the
fight;

Thy country demands thee, ere, borne down by
numbers,

Her day-spring of glory shall vanish in night.

Shall the tri-colour'd emblem of treason dare hover
O'er THEE, the earth's mistress—the queen of the
seas,

Shall the RAG OF REBELLION in mock'ry wave over
The flag that so long "braved the battle and breeze!"

* See Appendix.

Awake! oh awake! in the pride of thy power,
Let the voice of thine anger in thunders resound;
Revolution may shrink at the depth of thy roar,
Thy sons may yet turn as they start at the sound.

Go point to the waves where their forefathers fought,
Go tell of the blessings their bravery won;
Will they spurn the proud trophies their hearts'
blood has bought?

Shall the fame of the sire be forgot by the son?

Rouse, Lion of England! or stripped of her glory,
Britannia shall be as the proud one of yore;
Fallen, fallen to the dust, and renown'd but in story,
All nations shall fear her, shall woo her no more!

THE SONG OF ISAIAH.

A PARAPHRASE FROM FORTIETH CHAPTER OF ISAIAH.

Fired with prophetic zeal, the holy man
Swept his impassioned harp, and thus began:—
Fear no more Israel th' avenging rod,
Oh! comfort ye my people, saith your God;
Speak unto Salem peace; behold at last
Her strife is ended and her warfare past!
No more the hills shall mourn in sterile woe,
See in the wild the verdant pasture grow;
O'er the parch'd sod the limpid stream shall bound,
And smiling plenty deck the sterile ground:
The desert paths the bending vine shall bless,
The full-ear'd corn shall crown the wilderness;

The silent vales shall pour their grateful lays,
And the still woods be eloquent in praise !
Oh, Zion ! teeming with celestial joy,
Let the blest tale your grateful harp employ ;
Quick to the mountains speed with willing feet,
Go seek ye trembling Israel's dark retreat ;
Lift up thy voice, oh, Salem ! in the height,
Shout the glad tidings of eternal might ;
Say mercy smiles upon the bleeding sod,
Say unto Judah's tribes—Behold your God !

All flesh is grass, and all its beauty frail
As the fair flow'r that withers in the gale ;
In health and strength man ushers in the morn,
The worm preys on him ere the morrow dawn ;
Where then his worth, his loveliness, and grace ?
Well may the voice re-echo—"Flesh is grass !"

Fountain of Love ! ere first the living light
Flashed forth its splendour on the gloom of night,
Thou wast ! and when all nature shall decay,
System on system mould'ring, pass away,—
When the bright sun shall blacken in its sphere,
And whirling planets cleave the liquid air,—
Thou, thou, shalt stand in majesty sublime,
And wave thy sceptre o'er the tomb of time !

TO THIRZA, DYING.

Yes, 'twill be over soon ; that trembling eye,
Beaming with shadowy lustre, as the corse
Of faded beauty in the charnel vault,
Will soon be closed for aye ! The fev'rish glow
That, playsome, woos e'en now thy pallid cheek,
Like eve's calm blush meand'ring o'er the west,
Beaming more faintly at the slow approach
Of night's dull leaden car, will soon expire.

'Tis sweet, 'tis melancholy sweet, to gaze
Upon thy sunken cheek—to catch each word,
Teeming with holy inspiration, till
Imagination paints thee even now,

TO THIRZA, DYING.



Some holy being missioned of the skies,
To tell of better worlds ;—

Sweet flow'r, farewell !

Seraphs, bright, holy, and beatified,
Saints everlasting, choirs eternal, hail
Thy journeying spirit to the realms of bliss :
And if from those fair climes a thought may dare
Be wafted through the azury vaults of light,
Thy shade blest form, may sometimes give it me !

SINCERITY'S TRIBUTE.

Fill the goblet again, I'll a sentiment give,
A brighter, a purer, than yet hath been past:—
Here 's success to the heart where affection can live,
Through storms and through changes, unchanged
to the last.

Oh! it is not, believe me, when smooth waters flow,
And the welkin above us is calm and serene,—
It is not in a season like this we can know
The virtues and strength of the bark we are in.

'Tis in tempests and storms, in that terrible hour
When darkness and dangers beset us around,

'Tis then, only then, we can speak of her pow'r,
'Tis then, only then, that her worth may be found.

Oh! thou who canst love when the last ray of glad-
ness

Deep, deep in the horizon of sorrow seems set,
Fear not;—though the sun has gone down on thy
sadness,

The beam of to-morrow shall smile on thee yet.

N O R A !

I saw the babe—its eyes of blue were flashing joy
around :

I heard it lisp its Maker's name—how musical the
sound ;

Its little hands were raised on high to Him who gave
it birth ;

Methought it seem'd a thing of light—a gem too
pure for earth.

The babe grew up ; its fairy form assum'd a lovelier
grace,

Those eyes grew more divinely bright, more beau-
tiful that face !

Amid admiring crowds she mov'd, the fairest of the
fair—

She was the sun, and they the orbs that borrow'd
light from her.

And joyously the sire beheld the virtues of his child,
And proudly on her Nora's form the happy mother
smiled;

They could not dream a thorn would dare to mingle
in the wreath,

That e'er the summer bark would sink the wintry
wave_beneath.

I saw that form in after years—alas! how changed
and wan!

Is this the maid that once 'twas joy, nay bliss, to
gaze upon?

I turn'd aside, I could not bear the vacant look she
gave—

Her eyes shone still, but oh! they beam'd like glow-
worms o'er a grave.

Around a young and reckless heart the beauteous
girl had thrown

The silver cord of love, and deem'd it faithful as her
own:

Alas, alas! that man could thus so sweet a boon
betray!

The gem was stolen, the casket thrown in bitter
scorn away.

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The maid is dead—the friendly tomb hath ta'en her
to its rest,

The world hath ceased its taunts, nor more can
wound that peaceful breast ;

But there is ONE—oh ! ask him not what madness
fills his brain,

A raging fire is kindled there no art can quench again.

“NARROW IS THE WAY WHICH LEADETH
UNTO LIFE.”

ST. MATTHEW, 7 CH., 14 V.

“Narrow the way,” and low the porch;
Yet, Christian, why despair?
Kneel, kneel thee humbly in the dust
And thou may'st enter there.

TRANSLATION OF AN EPITAPH IN PERE LA
CHAISE, PARIS.

Meekly we bend beneath th' eternal will,
Yet, sainted spirit, we must mourn thee still;
Thou by thy virtues marked the rolling hours,
We by regrets for thee must number ours.

MY SISTER DEAR.

“ Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhaled, and flew to Heaven.”

YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

There is a spot, a stilly spot
That seems to sleep alone, forgot ;
No kindred heart^s is beating near,
No flow'rs bedeck the green grave there ;
The sod no bending knee hath worn,
No furrow'd cheek doth o'er it mourn ;
The heedless stranger casts an eye
On the carved name, then passes by,

And other thoughts engage his mind
Than the cold clay he leaves behind;
He seeks the busy haunts of men,
He enters on the world again;
Nor love nor friendship claim the tear—
He knew not thee, my sister dear.—

He knew not thee; oh! had he known,
He would not thus so soon have gone;
Could he have told how much that earth
Contained of loveliness and worth,
Of virtue, truth, and piety,
He would not thus have quitted thee,
Without one sigh above the dead,
To think that thou, e'en *thou*, couldst fade.

My sister dear, my sister dear,
Though many a long and dreary year,
Years full of grief and toil, have past
Since on thy form I looked my last,
How often do I sit alone,
And ponder on those moments gone—
Those moments, oh ! so passing dear,
So full of joy, for *thou* wert here,—
When childhood spread the swelling sail,
And down life's stream hope's fav'ring gale
Wafted us on—we thought not then
How sadly time would change the scene,
How firmest friends could turn to foes,
And brightest joys but nurture woes ;
How death could rend affection's ties ;—
What knew we *then* of weeping eyes ?

We had no sorrow, had no thought,
But with one guileless pleasure fraught,
To look around us, and to see
All others happy, blest as we.

And say, sweet spirit, dost thou e'er
Rest thy bright wings o'er yon parterre,—
Yon beauteous spot, where oft of yore
We roam'd together?—never more
Shall thy soft music charm the ear
Of nature's warblers list'ning there;
No, never more the rustic throng
Shall stay to hear thy vesper song;
The harp has lost its tuneful lay,
The garden's charms have passed away;
Its former tenants are forgot,
And strangers tread that hallow'd spot.

Thy lute hangs on the willow bough,
No hand dare wake its echoes now ;
There is such sadness in its tone,
Such seeming plaints o'er days by-gone,—
Such melancholy murmurs steal
O'er every note its chords reveal,
That knew I not that thou wert blest
In regions of eternal rest,
I still might think, my sister dear,
Thy guardian spirit hovered there ;
That thou around thy harp didst fling
The shadow of an angel's wing,
And wept to think that hands profane
Could move those hallowed chords again.
Pensive we watched thy dying bed,
No sigh was heard, no tear was shed ;

Why should we sigh, why should we weep
When smiles were flutt'ring on thy lip,
And thine eye brightened all the gloom
That shadow'd o'er the stilly room?
The last sad pang is over now,
Eternal glories deck thy brow;
Commingling with the seraph-band,
The harp of gladness in thy hand,
Thou tun'st its chords to him who gave
Thee pow'r to triumph o'er the grave;
To yield unscared thy latest breath,
And pass in smiles the vale of death.

I sought my chamber—still and calm,
Its quiet brought some soothing balm,

For I could sit and think of thee,
And all our past felicity.
'Twas at this hour, in other days,
We used to listen to thy lays ;
To watch thy fingers gently glide,
Awaking music's silv'ry tide ;
And thy voice answered to the strain—
When shall we hear that voice again ?
I pray'd—but wherefore to mine eyes
Did that fresh burst of tears arise ?
Why did my heart refuse to bear
The flood of woe that hurried there ?
I pray'd, imploring, though bereft
Of thee, God's grace on dear ones left :
I named them all ; each hallowed name
Familiar to my utt'rance came :

My father, (who, in realms divine,
Now blends his seraph song with thine ;)
My mother, (she who led thee on
To the bright sphere where thou art gone ;)
My brothers, sisters, all were heard
In the warm pray'r my heart preferred :
I pray'd, and instinct to my pray'r
Brought *thy* dear name to mingle there :

Sweet spirit ! how I envy thee !
Oh ! what would *I* not give to be
But one short hour amid the blest,
Clasp'd to an angel-father's breast ;
To tell him of my ev'ry care,
To pour my secret sorrows there :

And, as of old, his cheering voice
Could make my drooping soul rejoice,
So would it now afford relief,
Dry ev'ry tear, hush ev'ry grief;
Chase from my brow each harrowing pain,
And melt my lip to smiles again.

Oh ! if 'tis true an angel's pray'r
Remembers friends still ling'ring here,
Then wilt thou pray for us, that we
Like thee may live, may die like thee ;
That when at length God's holy hand
Shall beckon to a better land,
We may meet there, on yon bright shore,
The fond, the lov'd, now gone before ;—

May meet where care can never stray,
Where all earth's tears are wiped away ;—
May meet to join the seraph choir,
To sweep with them the hallowed lyre ;—
May meet where dwells th' Eternal One,
To cast our crowns before the throne !

EPIGRAM.

How aptly, *Scot-land*, does thy honour'd name
Sound its own glory in the lists of fame;
When all the laurel'd past avails thee not,
Still blaze immortal as the LAND of SCOTT.

WHY_MOURN FOR THE DEAD? *

Why mourn for the dead whom the Father hath
taken?

Serenely they sleep in their turf-covered bed;
But oh! not forsaken, for angels shall waken
And guide them to glory;—why mourn for the dead?

Though here all was anguish, and labour, and
weeping,

Yet precious the seed that the husbandman spread!
And One who is keeping the field till the reaping
Shall hallow the harvest;—why mourn for the dead?

* See Appendix.

Oh! theirs is the "raiment of whiteness;" and never
By them shall the tears of affliction be shed;
For blessed for ever, they drink of the "river"
Of life and salvation;—why mourn for the dead?

Why mourn ye for those who are wand'ring together
In realms where the joys of the just cannot fade;
Those mansions of ether where hearts never wither,
And friends never sunder;—why mourn for the dead?

MY FATHER'S NAME:

ON HEARING IT UNEXPECTEDLY AND HONOURABLY MENTIONED AT A PUBLIC MEETING.

My father's name! my father's name! how hallow'd
and how dear;

That sound it fell like melody upon my list'ning ear;
What though a stranger spoke his praise, so exquisite it came,

At once I lov'd him as a friend—it was MY FATHER'S
name.

There was a heaving of the heart, a glist'ning of the
eye,

A sudden flushing of the cheek,—I cannot tell ye
why;

I probed not then the mighty throb that shook my
trembling frame,

I only knew, I only *felt* it was MY FATHER's name !

And cloudless will I keep that name while God my
life shall spare ;

It never yet confessed a blot, nor stain shall enter
there ;

In woe or weal unsullied still by shadow or by shame,
Proudly my heart shall beat to tell—"it is MY FA-
THER's name."

And when at length they lay me down within the
peaceful grave,

And He, the mighty Lord of all, shall claim the
breath He gave,

Let but one line above my tomb, one sculptured line
proclaim—

“ He found it spotless, and unstained is *still* his father's name.”

R E Q U I E M.

Why should we mourn for thee, my love,

Why should we mourn for thee?

For thou art fled from toil and care

Above, where all bright angels are,

Why should we mourn for thee?

Thy storms of life were bleak, we know,

Yea, bleak as storms could be ;

But all their power is over now,

Eternal sunshine gilds thy brow,

Why should we mourn for thee?

Why should we mourn for thee, my love,

Why should we mourn for thee?

Thy harp, 'tis true, is heard no more,

But thou tun'st its chords on a brighter shore :

Why should we mourn for thee ?

W O M A N.

TO ———, ESQ.

Oh! do not thus deceive her: couldst thou tell
How bright and chaste a gem is woman's heart—
How fond and how confiding; couldst thou learn
The delicate fabric of her maiden love,
Thou wouldst not rudely break the hallow'd tie,
Or ought so pure and sacred DARE profane.
A careless world may smile upon the deed,
Society may ope her arms to thee,
And 'mid the tumults of a busy world
Thou may'st forget the being thou hast wronged.
But will she *too*, sit coldly, calmly by,

And will the bright affection of her heart
As transient prove as *thy* too fleeting truth ?
Believe it not : the silver chord once loosed,
The harp's melodious song is hushed for aye.

Look at that faded form, that fever'd cheek,
That melancholy gaze, that alter'd mien,
That fretful and impatient bearing, where
All erst was kindness, gentleness, and love.
Or if a prouder spirit lead her on,
See how she struggles with her shipwrecked hopes,
And strives to *smile* revenge ; and then perchance
(As if to pierce more keenly to the heart
The faithless one,) she flings away her hand
On some ungentle, worthless wooer ; thus
Ending in desperation love despised.

Oh! for the wrath of Heav'n, deceive her not!
For Heav'n is love, and Heav'n will sure avenge
The blight of aught it made and stamp'd DIVINE!

Once won, she knows no change;—cold man may fly,
Like the gay bee, from sweet to sweet, and rob
The flow'r of all its honey as he passes;
But woman's heart, *dear* woman's, like the ivy,
So closely clings, so sacredly holds fast
Where once it fixes, that, 'mid weal or woe,
Bleak storms or summer sunshine, changeless still,
The skies alone its kindred truth may claim.

THE FACTORY GIRL.

It was a young and helpless child
That sat bemoaning there ;
Her little cheeks were pale and wan,
And piteously she looked upon
The healthier children near.

Her lips were parched with fever-heat
And very, very thin ;
The shades of eve were o'er her drawn
And yet no food since morning dawn
Had passed those lips between.

Again her eyes were upwards raised,

And "is it time?" she said—

Oh, God! for why that sudden blow?

Whose was the hand that laid her low,

And spurned her as she laid?

And ask ye whose? and see ye not,

Around these dreary looms,

A hundred forms like hers, who toil

For him who draws his guilty spoil

From infant hecatombs.

No plaintive voice of woe avails,

To sooth that heart of stone;

It scarce seems formed in human mould,

It owns no other god than gold,

No shrine but wealth's alone

Merciful power ! forgive the land

With so much guilt defiled ;

Look down from thy bright throne above,

And oh ! in pity and in love

Protect the FACTORY CHILD.

TO ———.

WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.

They tell me, lady, we must part—that other shores
are thine,

That other bosoms beat for thee, far, far more dear
than mine ;

And God forbid that I should break the fond, the
tender spell,

I will but pray to Heav'n for thee ;—sweet lady fare
thee well.

There came a joy across my path, a soft and holy
light,

That beamed with bright intensity, and shone through
sorrow's night ;

I looked again, the gleam was gone ; the darkness
best can tell

How dear to me the light it gave ;—sweet lady fare
thee well.

But there are friends will think of me across the
briny main,

And hope still whispers to my heart that we shall
meet again ;

That there are eyes will sometimes o'er my feeble
numbers dwell,

And lips will echo back the prayer—the blessing—
fare thee well.

TO LILLA, WEEPING

Weep, lady, weep; if tears avail

To ease a heart o'erfraught,

I would not check those dewes, nor steal

Relief so timely brought.

This life is all a dreary waste,

Tempestuous, lone, and bare;

But Heav'n still tempers ev'ry blast,

And gently woos us THERE.

Alas! alas! the joys of earth—

The brightest—what are they?

Just beaming till we know their worth,

And then they pass away.

Our fondest hopes may fade in death,
Our friends prove insincere,
But Heav'n smiles o'er life's thorny path,
And gently woos us THERE !

When clouds obscure yon summer skies,
And hide the orb of day,
Say, has the sun forgot to rise,
Because *unseen* his ray?
So, though no mercy *seems* to crown
Awhile the mourner's prayer,
Yet Heav'n in tender love looks down,
And gently woos us THERE !

TO ELLA.

Sweet girl, 'tis sad to part with thee ; I shall not
bear to view

The vacant chair, the silent chords that once were
touch'd by you ;

How drear will be my desert path, how desolate and
lone,—

A broken stem without its rose, a world without
its sun.

'Tis ever thus—our brightest joys the soonest wear
decay,

And hopes that beam'd with cloudless light the
earliest melt away ;

And this wrecked heart so lately blessed, so filled
with joy's excess,

Would it could know thee more and more, or else—
had known thee less.

Sweet girl, we love to think of thee on each returning
eve ;

Long, long within our bosom's shrine thy merry
laugh shall live :

And thou,—where'er in after-time thy sunny path
may be,—

Oh ! sometimes let “ thy Poet's ” name be breathed
by thine and thee.

TO ELIZA.

Oh! turn not away, for most dearly I prize
The smile of thy lip and the light of thine eyes;
The sun must not set in the brilliant noon-day,
Nor beauty be frowning—then turn not away.

Our moments are passing so swiftly, alas!
'Twere folly to cloud them with wrath as they pass;
I meant not to wound thee, I would not offend,
Thy friendship is dear to the heart of thy friend.

Then smile once again, and as kindly the shower
Adds sweetness and bloom to the beautiful flower,
E'en so shall thy smile in its freshness display
New light and new lustre—then turn not away.

THEN BE IT SO.

Then be it so, and though again
We never meet as once we met,
Thy angel form, thy seraph strain,
Shall dwell within my bosom yet;

And oft when undisturb'd, alone,
Thy fancy-voice shall visit me,
As music, when its note is gone,
Still lives in echo's minstrelsy.

I fondly hoped that future years
Might see thy hand enlinked with mine,
But now, my sole delight is tears,
My only joy, to hear of thine.

And death may come—I'll woo its dart ;
 For better far entomb'd to be,
 Than, having once possessed thy heart,
 To live unowned, unblessed by thee.

THE POET'S FAREWELL TO HIS HARP.

Go rest on the willow, while over thy slumbers
The soft winds of Heaven shall peacefully play;
The dirge that in passing they breathe o'er thy
numbers

May save for an instant thy chords from decay.

Yes, sad are the strains that the wild hand of
feeling

Hath wrung from thy strings, my poor harp, I allow,
And deep was the anguish—too deep for revealing
Save only to friend sympathetic as thou.

Alas for the bard! he must leave thee for ever,
The toils of the world are unfitting for thee :
My own plaintive harp, 'tis in sadness we sever,
But duty, stern duty, impels the decree.

Go rest on the willow, the sharp tongue of malice,
The sneers of the vulgar may else wound thee sore ;
Though sorrow be mine, yet in silence the chalice
Shall pass to my lips—I will wake thee no more.

And as, one by one, thy dear chords shall be
breaking,

And thou at the last shalt fall voiceless and dim,
Thou wilt emblem the fate of thy master, awaking
In friendship's kind bosom the mem'ry of him.

For thus have the joys that he valued the nearest
From youth's early morning fall'n slowly away,
Till scarce one is left of the fondest, the dearest,
That smiled on the path of his earlier day.

And thus, when the last chord of feeling is broken,
And all that remains of life's music shall cease,
Oh! thus may thy fall, dearest harp, be a token
That he shall descend to his fathers in peace.

LOVE BY ARITHMETIC.

Dear Laura, when the cynic fry
Who never lov'd like you and I
 Shall call us Cupid's fools,
By all that's wise, we'll guard our fame,
And prove we regulate our flame
 By *arithmetic* rules.

When, turning from the nuptial shrine,
We call upon the Power Divine
 To bless the bonds He wove,
We'll swear, as on through life we roam,
To make a paradise of home
 By *adding* love to love.

If (for existence dawns in tears)
Affliction mark our passing years,
And sully o'er their flight,
Contentedly our lot to bear,
Each shall *subtract* the other's share,
And make the burden light.

And oh ! should bounteous Heav'n bestow
Pledges to crown our joys below,
For each endearing tie
We'll bless the hand that deigned to give,
By whom we love, for whom we live,
Increase and *multiply*.

And when the great *divisor*, Death,
Shall bid us yield our final breath,

We'll hail the summons given
Fearless the great *account* to meet,
For faith shall make the *total* sweet
In yonder blissful Heaven.



APPENDIX.

NOTE 1.—PAGE 1.

ODE TO THE MEMORY OF A FATHER.

WHATEVER merits or defects these verses may possess, they were the means of introducing the writer to a gentleman of great talent and amiability, (now, alas! gone to the grave,) whose name he has a melancholy pleasure in recording here.

William Minot, Junior, was a native of Jamaica, and was early sent to this country to receive his education at Hyde Abbey, Winchester. The facility with which he there acquired knowledge, and the extraordinary thirst which he manifested for the various branches of instruction, were themes of astonishment and admiration to the principals of that establishment. Without following him through the chequered paths of his eventful life, it may be merely necessary to state, that, from various causes, his talent was “hid beneath the bushel,” and an intellect which might have been rendered an ornament to society was suffered to confine its

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rays within the small circle of his own acquaintance. In 1834, the writer procured him a confidential situation at Falmouth; and in the latter end of that year a rapid decline terminated his existence.

Of the many specimens which exist of his intellectual worth, the following is selected, gratifying as it must naturally be to the individual to whom it is addressed, and at the same time creditable to Mr. Minot, both as a poet and a Christian.

*Written on reading J. S. C.'s Ode to the Memory of a Father,
by William Minot, Junior.*

Hark! there is a sound of distant music!
The charmed air is hushed by it, and woos
The breathings of its fitful melody!
A son is mourning o'er a father's grave;
And his heart, feeding upon memory,
Is pouring forth the tribute of his love.
There is a tone, too, mingled with his grief,
So sweetly full of a triumphant hope—
It makes its mournfulness more touching still!
Thus Cowper sang, when on the lineaments
Of her who gave him birth he gazed, entranced,
Till all the present died into the past,

APPENDIX.

And gave his mother to his heart again.
There was a bless'd forgetfulness that spread
Its veil between him and the fatal truth
That she was gone for ever—and he stole
Back to his boyhood, and pursued once more
At her dear side the pastimes of the child—
So vivid was the memory of her love!
And thou, too, lost in the absorbing theme,
Hast fixed thy gaze upon the treasured past;—
And now thou mourn'st him dead—and now, anon,
Thou livest still in his paternal care—
His arms are spread for thee, and his embrace
Hath locked thee in affection to his heart:—
And now again the mem'ry of his death
Hath swept the gladness from thy lip and eye,
And thou hast mounted in thy hope to Heav'n
To mark the fulness of a good man's joy!
Oh! dwell on that celestial hope, and draw
From the pure contemplation of *his* good
The promise of a joy ineffable!
May he, a guardian spirit, guide thy path
Through life's eventful ills, and, whisp'ring still
The memory of his virtues to thy heart,
Instruct the son to emulate the sire!

APPENDIX.

NOTE 2.—PAGE 38.

“The shell cover'd grot and the green dover, too.”

THE dover is a large plot of ground, contiguous to the beach, containing the remains of many unfortunate persons who were washed on shore from the wreck of the Royal George.

NOTE 3.—PAGE 45.

“WAKE, LION OF ENGLAND!”

WHETHER the writer be Tory, Conservative, Whig, Radical, or Republican, can, he presumes, be a matter of but very small importance to society at large. These lines were written immediately subsequent to the late French revolution, when the tri-coloured flag was displayed in this country to an extent and with a meaning which, as a Briton, he could not but feel humiliating.

NOTE 4.—PAGE 70.

“WHY MOURN FOR THE DEAD?”

WRITTEN on the decease of a most amiable and deeply-lamented relative, Mrs. Charles M. B——.

THE END.





